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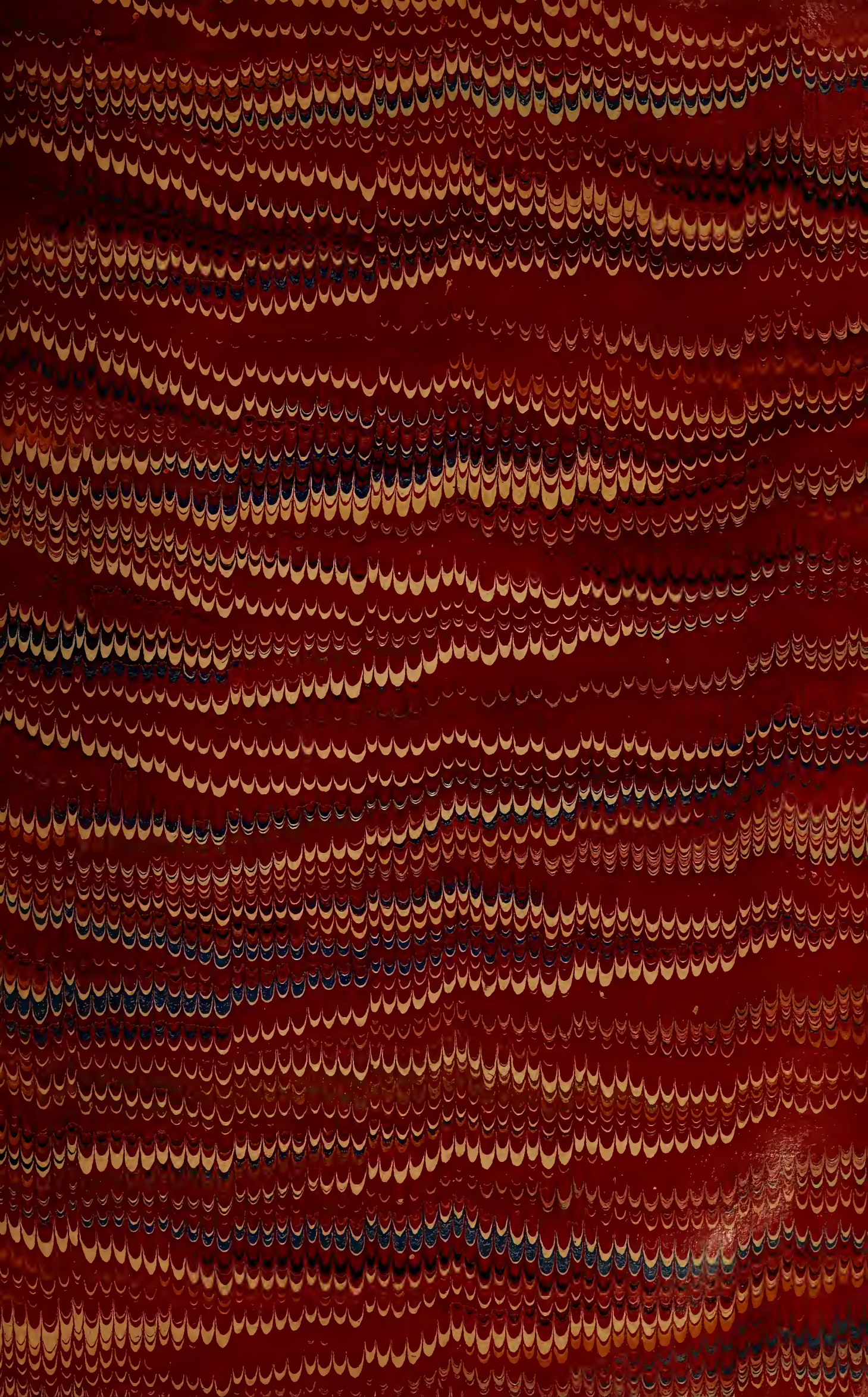

A

NATIONAL PATRIOTIC POEM,

BY

ESTWICK EVANS.

WASHINGTON CITY:
1854.

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By ESTWICK EVANS,

in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the District of Columbia.

DEDICATION.

—o—

TO R. W. LATHAM, Esq.

Sir: I am led to dedicate this work to you by the sentiment that no individual in the country should be so unjust, so envious, or of so trifling a cast of mind as to withhold from you high praise, and something withal of gratitude, for your very liberal and public-spirited offer of *five hundred dollars* for the best National Patriotic Poem; and in terms, too, I beg leave to add, so classical, so eloquent, and so indicative of deep attachment to the interests and glory of the nation.

Although a stranger to you, sir, I can truly say that my first motive for composing the poem was the desire that your generous proposal should be responded to by a large number of competitors, so that you might be the more likely to meet a just reward in the successful carrying out of your patriotic purpose.

I do not know, sir, what you might think, on perusal, of the production—its principles, reasonings, and sentiments; but you are no more responsible for them than for the liberty I take in here connecting your name with the publication of the work. I will, however, say, not only that it has much to do with the moral sense and moral courage of the country, but that its principles, reasonings, and sentiments must be fully embraced and acted on by her before she can attain to her truest and highest security and glory.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

—o—

The people of the United States possess a very high reputation for spirit and enterprise. But does not the country, under some of its political phases, need more of the particularity and niceness of principle—a more grave and considerate sense of moral obligation, as citizens, and more of that kind of courage, which, being based on Religion, is, even unden the most adverse circumstances, sustained by faith and trust in God?

It has not been the Author's object, here, to present a literary production, or one of historic variety and richness; but to occupy a few pages in exhibiting something of the didactical in political morals; and he hopes that the grave importance of the latter will lead the public judgment to dispense with the former.

One cannot but perceive that we are already, as a Nation, very great; and that we are rapidly advancing in all the scientific and physical elements of power. But how is it with our moral power? Are we wholly noble, even in the Spartan sense of the term? Are we plain in our modes of living, and do we cultivate a self-denying spirit? The people do indeed possess considerable of these elements of moral grandeur, and are also capable of great exhibitions of courage, and of physical endurance. But are they, ordinarily, led by the highest principle of action—DUTY in its most exalted moral sense? Is it not, rather, the more *common* elements of patriotism—more of mere spirit, and personal pride, and love of the praise of men?

I would not, of course, commed to the people the standard of the whole Spartan system, (though I would have them cherish in their bosoms and practice that great root of Spartan virtue, self-denial,) but I would call the attention of the people to that infinitely higher, that all perfect standard—REVERENCE and DUTY towards GOD. Here a nation is not confined to the narrow sphere of accidental or adaptative custom, but is introduced to the whole universe of intellectual and moral being. Here the true religious principle, operating on the religious nature of man, advances him, from age to age, in that track of intellectual and moral improvement, which constitutes the main elements of both personal and national grandeur. Here is the root, and only enduring basis of Patriotism—keeping pure the inner political man, as well as strengthening the outer elements of his nature. The spirit of the battle-field, so important in the estimation of us all, is not the foundation, but only the adored apex of our glory.

If this poem be thought, at first view, not particularly calculated to interest the masses, may I not suggest, if it will not be well to consider whether it would not be the fault of the masses if it should not particularly interest them,—and whether the circumstances of its being sanctioned and encouraged by the true principles, and judgment, and taste of the country, might not tend to render the views of the masses more favorable, and thereby give popularity to the doctrines and sentiments of the production? And may it not, also, be well to consider, whether the masses have not already enough of that sort of spirit—that sort of patriotism, which a more popular order of poetry might be supposed better calculated to gratify—at least for the time being? And is there not already extant sufficient of that sort of poetry? And may it not be,

that that sort of poetry might so excite that peculiar order of patriotism as to mislead the citizen, to the dishonor and injury of the country?

If there should be any objection to the doctrines advanced as to the *abstract* and *relative* on the subject of Government, the dangers of our own system, and the possible advantages of other forms, in *other* countries, and under *other* circumstances, it is replied that what is advanced is TRUTH, and that knowledge of the truth is essential to the dignity, advancement, and welfare of man. We ought to become acquainted with truth in all its phases, and not merely in that which is seen only from one point of view. What I have advanced in the poem on this point is *fact*; and it is contrary to the prevalence of truth, and an error injurious to ourselves, to shut our eyes upon the wide and complex subject of government. The United States, at this moment, owes a great deal—perhaps her absolute safety, to enlarged views on this great topic, instead of one universal and intense idea and feeling in behalf of our own democratic form—viewing all others, under any circumstances, as erroneous, and even criminal. It is here that we find the security that naturally flows from moderation and caution. In this there is nothing against the spirit of Liberty and free institutions—nothing against the zeal that may be felt for them; for it is simply showing that the subject of government, in general, is connected with adaptative and overruling circumstances; and that under free institutions, virtue and intelligence on the part of the people are absolutely indispensible.

I have not gone into the general details of the Revolutionary war, though so very highly interesting, because both our historians and poets have so fully pre-occupied

this ground ; and because, also, such course would, withal, have rendered the poem too long. Motives somewhat similar, with me, applied to our second war with England, and that with Mexico.

As I have here intimated, historic and poetic details, in all these wars, and abounding in splendour and excitement, may be found in our libraries; and I deemed the exhibition of principles connected with our future safety and glory far more important, and even more closely connected with a National Patriotic Poem. I trust, however, that the poem here presented will not fail to thrill, to *some* extent, every virtuous and noble heart.

For myself, personally, I ought to say, that this is my first attempt to write a Poem ; and that in addition to the earliest moving motive, suggested in the Dedication, my principal inducement was to exhibit the deep worth and importance of the principles involved in the subject.

THE AUTHOR.

SOME POINTS IN THE GENERAL ARGUMENT:—

——o——

Invocation to God to aid in the undertaking. Liberty. Washington. The other Chiefs. Revolution. Saratoga. Yorktown. Private Soldier. Trenton. Valley-Forge. Tomb of Washington. True soldier, in life and death. Address to Country. Amazing Destiny. Caution. Society. Government. Conservation. "Compromise." Full Eulogy to Mr. Clay. Eulogy to Mr. Webster. Eulogy to Mr. Calhoun. Patriotism. True citizen. Liberty again. Caution. Civil Order. Our Government. Caution. Our Fore-Fathers. The States. Our Great Central Power. Foreign Relations. Home Concerns. Forms of Government. Administration of Free Government. Caution. Right and Conservation contrasted. Harmony. Our Fore-Fathers again. Integrity of Ballot. Office. This Country a Mission. The Merits and Sufferings relative to its early history. Apology for Slavery as an *involuntary* System. Appeal to other Nations. Happy results. Full Eulogy of Colonization Societies, and of their distinguished friends, living and deceased. The Country again. Wonderful prospects before us. Obligation. Moral order. Government again. Dangers peculiar to this country. Appeal to the Country. Knowledge; and the virtue and wisdom of Moderation. Party: its Benefits; its Dangers. Conclusion.

POEM.

—o—

GOD of the Patriot soul, vouchsafed
To shield humanity from *Tyrant* grasp;
To shield its innocence, its peace, its weal!
THEE I invoke, to aid my humble pen,
To sketch its nature, and portray its deeds;
For sure THOU know'st, that from my youth I've sought,
In all the scenes which Nature offers to
The captive heart: in the clear day, and in
The sombre night; on flowery vales, and
Mountains' sterile tops; on the great Deep, when
It did flout the sky; and in the Desert,
Where solitude doth speak strange languages,
That I might find the *spotless* plumery
Of Eagle–Liberty, which THOU ordain'd.

And THEE, oh Washington, servant of HIM
Who *lent* thee to the world, that from thy Urn,
So cold, might spring a light, from age to age,
To guide thy *orphan'd* children here,—calling
Thee FATHER, and unselfing-self, to live
As thou didst live, for this great *rescu'd* Land!—
Oh, by that knell, that told of thy *last* sleep,
And led my anxious lips, though but a child,
To ask the *why* the tears stole down the cheeks
Of a sweet Sister, now, too, deceas'd, and
Joined with thee to the bright throng of Saints
And Patriots in the upper blissful Heavens!—
Oh, by that knell, austere in sorrow's wail,

And grand in grief, let my heart know the love
Of Native Land; and *social order*, that
Rests on private virtue, christian precept,
And the sound head that kens the way, where lies
The nation's truest greatness, strength, and fame.

Where are the *Chiefs* besides the mighty CHIEF,—
They who at Saratoga fought, and York,*
And other fields, brilliant in arms, and crown'd
With deathless laurels? And where the soldier,
Of plain and honest soul, and humble life,
Whose bare and bloody feet stain'd the rough ice,
And virgin snow, their cause as pure as this,
When Trenton's earliest morn heard the loud
Cannon those still feet did draw through murky night?
And they of Valley-Forge, deep trench'd in snows,
And winter's longest rigors, 'mid many needs,
Whilst Britain's ranks, well-cloth'd and fed, barrack'd
In cities,† whose lighted halls responded
To the joyous dance of heels Despotic?

They, too, have gone to their reward, beatic;
Here servants of CHRIST, we trust, as they were
Faithful and true to their own GREAT CAPTAIN.
They sleep apart; but on yonder mystic hill,
In Zion's everlasting Land, they meet,
And greet, as erst, when in this warring world,
Where virtue shadow'd forth the life to come.

Again, of the POWER ABOVE, and the
Still *Tomb* near the Potomac's silver flow,

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* Yorktown.

†The British army were located in Philadelphia that winter—the winter of 1777–1778.

I seek an inspiration, far beyond
The pride and fame of ancient Greece and Rome;
All heathen in worship, and oft astray
From truest grandeur's track, and wisdom's fruits.
Be mine the man whose highest aim is GOD,
And constant service *duty*, and whose wealth
Needs not the glare of gold, or acres broad,
Nor greatness, this brief world's hard-sought renown.

Soldiers of the CROSS,—they are the men for
Council or for Field; for they for *Truth* do
Strive; and great their reward——or stand or fall.
Oh, what a field! where every man bears
In his *heart* a banner direct from *God*,
And whose chaste lips, unstain'd by falsehood, or
By oath profane, is moistened yet by the
Pure wine of the dear fount confessional,
Of HIM, "whose sword is on His thigh, and reigns
Forever, King of Kings, and Lord of LIFE!"

Can such an one be conquer'd? or, if so,
If so the *will* of God, oh what glory—
Christian man! what sacrifice, proud
Tears to start from holy Angels' eyes, off-dropping
From Heaven's battlements, to consecrate
His grave—making him *beautiful in death.*

My country! PARENT of our *Parents*, whose
Hoar tombs, for ages back, the closer bring
Thee to this high-throbbing heart; throbbing with
Pride, though pensive still for all thy toils, and
Pains, filling the breast with deep affection
And a holy grief! Oh what a hist'ry

In human woe, and human grandeur, too,
From the first Pilgrim step on savage soil
To the rich glories of a hundred States,
Now and to come, with stars so bright, that to
The earth's last virge they raise the shout: LIBERTY!
And death to Thrones! ON—ON is still their cry!
And still—ON—ON! that cry shall be, till
Not a man remains, on earth, unfreed by Thee.*
Oh, touch this bosom with the hidden fire,
That Nature kindles in the human heart,
To rush, filial and rev'rent, to defend
A faithful MOTHER, whose pure breast shelter'd
And nourished our helpless infant years!
Here is the fount of Patriot-virtue;
The pure, deep love, that warms, and sanctifies,
And seeks to save, and joys to suffer, too;
Mere motive, here, is cold and late: 'Tis love
Divine—efflux of Heaven within the
Soul, to'ards our Native Land—*to die for her*.
Here Liberty, that chaste and daring Dame,
All truth, all candor, lays her holy eyes
Upon our inmost vision, and so charms
Our latent virtue, that we *joy to bleed*.
Here *self* is banish'd, and the man stands like
A God, admir'd by all of human kind.

So far the Muse the vestibule of things
Hath ope'd; and now, with finger practical,
Will speak of man, society, and law--
The law of Government. Great is this theme:—

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* Not the slightest is here meant in favor of the spirit of Fillibustering. Every thing, with us, should rest upon our natural growth, combined with the strictest integrity, honor, and good-faith towards all nations.

Man in society; to his own soul,—
Himself alone, adding the soul of others—
Of all, the charm supreme of brotherhood.
Oh, what a space for *Duty!* how broad the
Range for good—from each to all, all to each.

Spirit fraternal—social, there is a
Word in thy vocabulary, destin'd
To shine in front of words harder and stronger,
Because more heavenly mild—useful more:
'Tis CONSERVATION! Here the pivot is
Of public blessing. And yet another
Word—a dear sister of the former,—
Twin-loves, breathing of peace, and gentle ways:—
COMPROMISE her name—now a household term.
But where is RIGHT, the fiery charger
Of the social state? Be here much caution;
For his rough hoof may crush all social weal.
Be Right the aim;—but mark,—PRESERVE!—*Preserve!*
Preserve the cause, preserve this happy Land;
For on this term of Right, full oft, Spirits
Foul and false, cater for ruinous sway.

Oh, CLAY! patriot of patriots; friend
Of that great friend of man:—CONSERVATISM,
To whom thou gavest a sweet hand-maiden,
To attend her always:—"COMPROMISE," thy
Own good word, remembered well by all.
Of this thou wast, indeed, the true Father;
And left by thee—Great Legator Entomb'd,
For thy own country, for all time to come.
Oh, hear that country's voice, though *still* thy own
In the still tomb!—Oh, hear it, 'mid the eye

Weeping, and heaving breast, and sadest mein!
She mourns for thee, and ever will, most true,
Thou second saviour of this grateful land,—
Alas, grateful too late.—Oh, could we hear
Thy voice again,—that patriot voice, whose
Silver tones charm'd the trumpet call to Arms—
To Liberty!—and, in soft suasion, to
UNION, concord, peace!—Oh, could we see, once
More, that flashing eye, and lofty bearing
In thy country's cause, she would relent, (ah,
How much she does!) and, weeping, bind the bays,
CHIEFEST, upon thy pure Patriot brow.
Oh, curs'd ingratitude!—curs'd in dullness
More than all,—not to perceive— worse, to feel,
'Till the high soul, and glorious form, had
Left our sight forever—in scenes below!
Yet, generous Spirit,—generous most
When most 'twas wrong'd; still walk with us, (unseen
Though it must be;) still impart thy counsel,
Guard the public weal, and calm the surges
Of a fever'd State, when they rise, as wont.

Yet other clouds of sorrow meet our view;
Yet other shafts have sped and reach'd our hearts:—
WEBSTER,—the deep, the learn'd, the great, is dead,
And glory weeps, for aye, and hope is fled.

And one, ah woe!—so pure, and bold for truth:—
CALHOUN;—the patriot, whose iron mind
Fought for the *States*,—dying but at the goal.

Oh, when, and where, shall we behold again
Such mighty men—men of glorious mould?

Oh, 'tis a sin to hope it;—a sin to
Look to God for blessings so beyond our
Hearts' ingratitude, and life so wicked.
Yet, HEAVENLY FATHER, spare—spare this Land!
Oh, for the sake of those, who, for THY cause
Brav'd the rough Deep, and howling savage shores,
To worship THEE, in reverent love, far
From the persecutor's sword;—oh, for their
Sakes, pardon our public sins,—heal our strifes,
And give us, yet again,—once more—oh, once,
In things of State. such miracles of men!

And here, in presence, awful, of the Dead—
The Patriot dead, I ask the living,
In what consists the patriot soul?
It is the Spirit-fire, from off the hearth—
The Almighty's, in the holy Heavens;
And it came down, to whisper to mankind,—
Nursing HIS chosen sons, until the brow
Of youth expands with grandeur; and they feel
How beautiful it is to *die* for their
Own Native land—and be beloved by her.
To this is added social life, and love
Of kindred:—father and mother, brethren,
Sisters—all; and the graves of Ancestors;
And, then, the tears of children, wife, and lover's
Charmed life; and then, again, the soil, in
Manly majesty standing, or female
Guise:—hoar mountains, and flowery meadows;
Mighty rivers, and gently running streams;
Forests of sturdy oak, and osier meek;
Rude storms, and zephyr's balmy breath; deluge
Rains, and fruit inviting showers; all—all
Entwine themselves around the heart, and make

The country and the man but one—one soul.
Here, too, is *Duty*—here the voice of GOD;
What words!—*Duty*,—GOD! Take the long line of
Virtues, and, (sad to say,) of crime in life
That's private, and ask what conscience says to
All of these? Here men, in general, will
Tell you the response. But oh, the many
That ballot for the State, nor dream of Duty,
Conscience, God, or public good; and yet, one
Vote may turn the scale, on which may hang the
Public weal or woe; yea, and one vote, *not*
Cast, may do the same,—blasting our proud hopes,
And bringing sneers from the monarchic world.

There is a freeman that is true, and one
That's false; and one, again, though true, (if so
It could be said,) is false, having no works
A freeman true, in very deed, is he who
Acts for truth; stands on the rampart of his
Country's weal, and lets his voice be heard, where
Law demands; yea more, wherever *Duty* calls:—
A man complete he is—a christian man.
Without deceit; no falsehood stains his lips;
Justice and honor mark his path, and faith;
Unselfish, kind, his law is charity;
Peace, too, is his,—and lawlessness abhors.
His is no peculating spirit; and his
Spoils are wrung, not from a brother's board,
But from his own free toils—on freedom's field.
If not of lowly but of upper life,
Equality he loves,—equality
Of law, and public privilege and good.
And 'midst the show of learning and of taste,
And fashionable life, he sees the *man*,

And lets distinctions go to Feudal Lands:
His question is, not *how's* the man, but *what?*—
Not what his purse, but heart; and loves to grasp
The hard and honest hand—the Country's shield!
Perhaps 'tis his to love the praise of men;
And on this native trait, deep seated in
His soul, he is ambitious: So be it;—
This may exist for good and not for ill;
For, mark! His heart is pure; conscience his shield;
And, for all worlds, he would not stain his soul.
The approbation of his God, is his
Infinite first aim; and as to Power,
He loves it not, and seeks it only for the
Nation's glory, and very highest good.

Thus far, again, Parnassus's Hill, essay'd
I have; and now the illimitable
Of Liberty, Government, and Law, and
Public power, and peace, and home-concerns,
And policy that's foreign, claim our thoughts.

First, Liberty, with, Eagle-wing, soars to
The skies! But mark,—no jesting Bird is she;
But grave, and worn by thought, she scans, and mourns
The ills, with which ignorance, and passion,
Folly, and crime, marr and disgrace her realms.

Wide is this topic—wider far, even
Than many minds of reach and lore; and for
The *million*, much I fear, far less they know,
And less they think, wherein is public weal.
With them the *Abstract* is the constant theme;
And truth that's *Relative* they dream not of;

And yet, no abstract ground was ever brought
In practice, without its relative to
Accord or marr, in gubernative track.

Now UNIVERSAL *Liberty*, all hail!
But caution here:—the end and means *Adaptative*!
Mark all experience, history; and see,
That freedom *true* is true Philosophy.

I would have ALL men free;—brothers—equals,
And no King but GOD. But let the free know,
That to rule *ill* is Godlessness and woe!

Grand is the scale of liberty WE have;
And let us do it honor, not disgrace:—
Oh, 'tis a *trust* from GOD—for all mankind.

Come Patriot Spirits! from the length and
Breadth of this dear Land,—in virtue planted, and
In glory saved:—Come revel in the joy
Of virtuous pride; and whilst we drop a tear,
Wrung by regret from honest hearts, for all
Our follies past, let us resolve, that the
Future shall make known in us, a spirit
Wiser to direct, and an order true.

Our form of Government is *Free*; none this
Disputes; and in it all do glory much.
But is it wise in form? Yes, yes; but how?
Within itself, in closest abstract sense?
No; nor this, nor any other form is so.
'Tis ADAPTATION only makes it wise:
Democracy is wise where virtue dwells,
And knowledge large, and gentle modes of life:

Where vice, and ignorance, and *ire* do rule,
The free are curs'd—self-curs'd, leaving no change
But military bonds and iron sway.

No form of government is best, itself
Within, in strictest terms; none false or true,
Wise or unwise, but as by CIRCUMSTANCE
It so shall be:—And these are various:—
(Far too various here to name in full:)
The People's temp'rment; and occupation;
Good sense and virtue, or their antipodes;
Religion; clime; and face of country, mark'd
By hill or dale, or hard or easy soil;
And perhaps, spirit of neighboring states.

Our form is happy: happy, taught by that
Germ of Liberty, which sprang from the North
Of Europe's hardy sons; and from thence to
England, to learn—self-learn, in the hard school
Of tyrant monarchy and bigot's rage
Babbling; and thence, again, (when winnowed
By the pure winds of God's severest good,)
It landed here—a flow'r on winter's lap;
And by Heaven's dews of grace, grew in the
Wilderness,—until for every tree
Arose a Temple; and Governments of
Free and sovereign States; and that proud arch
Of civil rule,—our mighty CENTRAL POWER.

But *form* of Government, alone, is far
From being all: its ministration is
Its hardest test; and so the case with us:—
Its ministration in our home-concerns,
And in our bearing to'ards all foreign States.
The basis of the first—of our safety,

And good repute, is ORDER. Without this,
Society is one field of strife, and
Wrong, and blood; and from this source springs the rude
Demagogue, of Liberty the ape and
Curse; and then the Leveller of right,
Civil,—right of property. Here law
Agrarian does its vulgar workings;
And industry and commerce die away.

Another evil may well afflict the State:—
Corruption at the ballot:—spoils, in the
Shape of office and of gold,—twin Demons,
Profering, in advance, the sordid lure.
Oh, may the Law frown, in its majesty,
On all dishonor in this mighty Land;
And may the scorn of all virtuous breasts
Be a broad shield its honor to protect!

So far the root of Power: Then see it
Pass from the great mass to those hands, select,
To represent the whole. And now attend,
And hear a truth, so little known and thought,
And yet to know it is to know, at once,
Our danger, and at once our deepest weal:—
Who dreams, (and yet no dream it is, but fact
So easily made clear,) that our free form
Of government, may be as DESPOTIC
As the *Czar* or *Turk*; and hence, with us, the
Patriot eye should never sleep, but note
The track of Party, and foil it in its
Devious ways, and plottings dark as night.
The principle of monarchy is ONE;
And so is ONE the Democratic plan.
The law of monarchy, if absolute,

Is but the monarch's voice; and the law of
Institutions free—the voice of Party—
No less imperious and unrestrain'd.
Say not our CENTRAL RULE, (and so the States,)
Is many; for see, it is only ONE:
What of our powers co-ordinate?
The Legislative branches—(but one trunk
Though twain limbs,) form but one co-ordinate,
Con-joint, though negative each one on each.
And the power Executive another one;
And, then, a third, (partly of the second,)—
The power Judicial—to judge in Law,
And act by certain forms established.

If these great powers were all estrang'd,
With diff'rent interests and a jealous heart,
And subject—not to the power without—
The MIGHTY MASS, the State might jar, and yet
The State remain within her pristine orb.
But in this free Land, PARTY is the State;
And Party, here, may rule, *at once*, in ev'ry
Branch, with sway *terrific*—knowing no bounds.
What could not party do? It makes your Head
Executive; and House; and Senate; and
Fills all offices;—and so some Cæsar,
At the Party's head, might stand a UNIT
Many a cruel year of *iron* rule.

Here flourishes that *Upas* of the Land—
The rule Proscriptive,—so fruitful in spoils.
This principle, alone, can ruin bring
On all the Nation:—one hand presents a
Double bribe of gold and station; and the

Other, the whip, that threats to scourge, as crime,
Opinion's honest difference; aye more,—
The sword and halter;—(strangest *freedom* this!)

Oh Liberty, and God of our Fathers!
Here is a rule of action,—(not law, but
Worse, if worse can be,—against law)—a rule
By will of Party—brief, like a plund'rer's!

The Law alone appoints to all office;
And law alone can ever this undo.
The only power convey'd, is DUTY,
(Be this forever known,) and not the plea
Tyrannical—endless PRETENCE of Right.

Who talk of *Right?*—Or whig or democrat?
What but the power to do a DUTY?
And whence this power? Who gave it to them?
Sure nought but Law; and this ne'er speaks of Right,
But only power, to serve, as *public* men,
For the best *public* good, under the law.
To make this power *official*, one that's
PERSONAL—a *right*, is to proclaim the
Reign of NERO,—and crush souls in office,
That will not bow to Nero's will—though base.

Now, to our Foreign policy we turn:
And here, in *very* brief, the ground should be
The mirror of GOD'S law:—To Nations do,
As by them to us we would be done by.
Oh, for the glory of a nation True:—
Sincere and just; with honor's niceness, and
Open candor's glow,—rich gifts of Heaven.

Oh, my Country—Pioneer of Nations!
Mighty States, marching in UNITY, and
Beck'ning to the old world—to other Lands,
To follow on, in Freedom's lofty track;
And *wisest use of freedom;*—raising man
To the highest mark of social order;—
And up to the standard perfect of CHRIST,
To whom all the nations should *lowly* bow.
Yours is HIS *mission;* and looking back, we
See it in the first foot-prints of our Sires,
Cis-Atlantic, whose *Faith*, so marvellous,
Did lead them on, with fore-thought, wisdom, and
Untiring zeal, mid toil, disease, and cold,
And savage war, and sorrow's bitter cup.

And oh, ye Nations, slur not our wreath of
Glory, by pointing to *Slavery's* chain,
With which it is entwined; for know, a
Government beyond our infant strength,—
A foreign legislation forged this chain,—
Staining our own free thoughts, and ling'ring on,
Until, it growing with our growth, had so
In-wrought itself, that patriotic zeal,
And civil wisdom became powerless.

Wait awhile, oh, yet wait, in charity,
Accusing Nations, 'till GOD'S high decree,
So oft through wrong of man accomplished,
Shall here fulfil its mighty blessings;
For see, *returning* the happy offspring
Of ferocious sires;—returning to bless
The Land that once was theirs: see Liberty,
And law, and faith, and righteous zeal; order,

Reason, love, learning, agriculture, arts,—
Full cornucopia of social bliss!
See that bright track, (fore-ordained of GOD,)
Across the ocean wide, from these our shores
To Africa's Land reclaim'd! Hail, noble
Spirits, so full of faith, and love, and zeal
Untiring in the cause of country, and
Of man,—man the least hop'd for, and for whom
To care, full oft it was disgrace, and is:
Hail Ashmun, Finley—All! number here too
Large to name—(painful omission;) some now
ABOVE, and some on earth still lab'ring in the
Mighty cause! Hail, thrice hail! I see the crowns
In Heaven, for you, still here, prepared;
Crowns, that shall make your brows, now so worn and
Furrow'd with earth's lengthen'd toils, fairer than
Angels'; and your thoughts, the thoughts of peace and
Love, and joy triumphant, for evermore!

Again, I say, oh, great Pioneer of
Nations! mark, what power, what spread, what store
Of intellect, and mines of wealth, and arts,
And arms, and prowess—all, the Almighty
Hath decreed to place within thy chosen
Hands! And oh, the reach, the breadth, the fame,
The population, power, within thy grasp!
See, to the North, full to the Polar point,
The gelid sov'reignty for you in store;
And East, along the old Atlantic wave;
And West, where the Pacific sea laves her
Golden shores; and then, due South, perhaps, to
Where the gruff HORN prides in her stormy wave.*

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* See note to page 14.

Amazing Nation! Oh, what power, (and
OBLIGATION, too,) to swell the glory,
Or to sink to shame, our name,—baptized
In the love, and blood, of our Fore-Fathers!

Oh, for the ORDER—moral, equal to
The extent of our relations:—a pure
Purpose, and wise rule,—that civil glory,
And not civil shame, may dwell forever in
My native Land! Oh, aspirations of
My youth, for thee my country, when on thy
Breast I lay, and drank of streams that flowed
Thy mountains' sides! And now, when age hath come,
And round I look to find a grave, sunny
To cheer its damps, I love the more, for more
I fear for thee! But think not that I sink
Beneath my years:—No; the strong sinew, and
The bounding step, and heart of warmth and pow'r,
(All gifts of God, to whom I would render
Humblest thanks,) I pledge to thee, for council
Oh for field, if such need should ever be.

But *where* the dangers lurking in the State?
They are ambition, love of office, spoils,
And the rough vengeance of a Party strife:—
Where the DEMAGOGUE, fiendish and subtle,
Leads, by abuse of names, and patriot
Mockery, the ardent throng. He seeks the
Extreme of fancied Liberty, and
Looks to *Force*, by crushing, to prove it true;
Or, agrarian-like, heap up and *divide*.

Rome had her rank elements, in her full
Commonwealth: and so have we; but we, more

Happy, the safer state; for reason why:
That blessed running fount of hearts CONSERVATIVE,—
Good citizens—beloved of GOD and man.
These are the bless'd Patriots whom we sing;—
Men who look to Liberty, government,
And law, for sacred ends of that ORDER,
Civil, which the SUPREME lends unto man,
To shadow forth, on earth, the truth, and the
Benevolence, and the peace of Heaven!—

First Government, and what it truly is:—
A rule of action, fundamental in
A state. And here the rule is, what all rules
Should be: not *abstract* merely, but *concrete*
Withal;—a rule *adaptative* to time,
And place, and every *circumstance* that
Makes a case for wisdom's action; and hence
No one gubernative order is the
Best abstractedly, but that which accords
Best with circumstance, and worthiest ends.

Hold, proud Democracy! with your *abstract*
Test, and besom broom, to sweep away all
Other forms of gubernation;—whilst I
Your cords shall *strengthen*, by light of truth, to
See the *whole* of that wide ground in moral
Being, where CIRCUMSTANCE gives the RELATIVE
More force and reason, than the narrow view
Of ABSTRACT right;—so lauded by mankind.

See England's form, complex, of government,
So curs'd by half the world!—and yet so wise,
For HER, that admiration lends her wing
To soar in praise, though blind the off'ring seem.

But first of THEE, my country, lest with the
Eye of prejudice, and scorn, you cast the
Seed from out the earth, which I shall sow, to
Bear a fruit to heal and save you ;—seeds
Of deep search into your elements, to find
The good and evil—both, an dmake plain the way
To reap the first, and from the last escape.

Yet, ere I speak, know that my bosom, by
Wild *Nature* free, could not ENDURE a King,
Or Lords, or any rule but *Democratic* ;
Therefore, to me, no country would be mine
Where Privilege and Pomp should sway the realm ;—
Yea, more :—(I speak in shame, for all Nations,)—
What pity is it, that ALL could not themselves
So know, and do, that no King or Court would
Dare to show their front of Pride, or e'en set
Up pretence of need, for self-defence, or
Need for the weal of humblest citizens !
That such things may cease to be, Heaven grant,
In HIS own perfect time, and perfect way ;
And may Power and Tyranny, so rife with
Ills innumerable, have end, so soon
As Wisdom shall well prepare the Nations.

Now, to my task, advent'rous ! And yours the
Ears to hear, and eyes to see, and minds to
Judge by :—Know, then, for the first dash for TRUTH,
That sheer Democracy, as a form of
Government, is ABSOLUTE—DESPOTIC
Sway ;—no less than Russia, Turkey, or reign
of Gäligula ; for there and here, it
Is but a ONE power. There 'tis a SOLE

Voice; and here one SOLE aggregate; this the
Difference all. What e'er the PEOPLE say
Is Law, be it the voice of all, or voice
Majority. This voice makes war and peace;
This kills or saves the individual
Man. Oh GOD, what fearful trust, and needful
How THY grace, that speaks of virtue, wisdom,
Spirit mild, charity, and christian love!

They err, who think our form of Government—
Our powers co-ordinate, are sure checks,
To stem the current of rabid Party.
Our powers co-ordinate are ONE power,
Have but one root, one spring:—the Ballot-box
Is all. This makes the Chief Executive;
And House; and Senate, (indirect through action
Of Government of each State;) and thus makes
All of one strong PARTY type. Nor think the
Courts of Law depend not on the public
Voice; for these, though guarded well by rule
Fundamental, are as a cobweb to
The public WILL. This *will* stands ABSOLUTE
O'er the prostrate Land—self-prostrate, save but
By civil war, with all its useless ills.

But how is England, with her gorgeous
Regal rule of Special privilege—of
King and Lords; yet check'd by POPULAR voice,
So strong that the scales ever stand, (with trifling
Oscillations,) in equilibrium?
There, to the mere co-ordinate, exists
A super-addition—a thing of weight
And truth of poise, known as ESTATES; a sort

Of interests peculiar and complex ;—
So separate each from each, that aside
The National weal without, so *stern* that
Unity *must* sway, they are private, in
A sub-public sense :—The Throne ; the Lords—lay
And spiritual ; then the rough *Commons*,
In whose stern hands are chartered rights, wrung
From the Throne, on many a battle-field,
Where they were led by iron Barons bold!

Now, *there*, in England, that government is
Best. Her history, habits, customs, and
Many a thing besides, stamp it, alone,
As feasible,—at least as yet ; whilst *we*
Could not endure a government other
Than our own ; thus leaving choice foreclosed,
And showing that *Circumstances* makes truth and
Good as well as the Abstract of morals.

But let the Truth itself illustrate; and
Let instruction be derived, by us, from
Danger less of England's form, *in England*,
And danger more of ours, even with ourselves,
Though ours, *for us*, the better, wiser is :
In England's rule are BALANCES, so that
Corruption's self cannot undo the State ;
Whilst, with ourselves, (with mere co-ordinates,)
Nought can save but *wisdom, and ballot pure.*

Oh, my Great Country ! hear a humble voice ;—
Humble in fear, (lest evil should betide your
Future day ;) and yet buoyant with hope, and
Trust in that forgiving God, who, though
Our sins are very many, still forbears

To strike us down, and proffers still His love
To our obedience. Oh, think of Power,
Political, not as a boon, to use
For evil purpose, but to be so
Employed, as will do right, and good to man—
Man here and ev'ey where, and honor God.
Once let this power pervert its purpose;—
Apply itself to selfishness and wrong;
Corrupt the fountain of our civil state:—
Bribe at the Ballot-box, by proferr'd spoils,
In shape of office,—(honor in rags
Of shame!) oh, then our glory topples down, and
The foul sight offends all earth and Heaven.

My country's dangers claim the Patriot's
Prayer, and patriot's truthfulest pen.
Always are dangers on this side the skies;
For man hath here the seeds of wrong and woe.
But dangers yours, Countrymen, peculiar,
Rising from your *Free* estate: You are as
One—one only; for in the public voice—
The public Will—the major vote, we have the
Settled law,—stern as decrees of Fate.
Oh, then, how clear it is, that with widest
Liberty, should dwell virtue, knowledge, and
Love of order, peace, and conservation
True; for e'en if the minor voice, how large
So 'er it be, should in its breasts contain
All virtues that adorn a State that's free,—
Still it controls not *ministrative* sway:—
Then, hear a voice, that hath no ends in view
But for the National weal; no love of
Office; nor love of power; nor love for

Exciting tones of popularity;—
Oh, hear, and lay your Party spirit by—
Merely as such, that your free-will may seek,
Not for mere triumph, nor for reward in
Spoils, but the best good of that DEAR LAND, at
Whose pure breast your infant days were nursed.

I speak of Party in that vicious sense,
Whence, in a State that's Free, passion, with all
Its fruits of ill are rife:—jealousy, and
Envy, and prejudice, and false-report,
And other wrongs unnumber'd:—corruption,—
Bribes in their various shapes, offer'd to
Fear and hope, to suit the varied hues
Of character and taste:—To some, the voice
Of flattery, false as sin, is tender'd;
Then again, the threat, significant of
Harm, conjoin'd with smiles indicative of
Good. And then, more gross, (if more could be,)
The foul advance, outright, of office; and
O'er and o'er, perhaps,—to *insure* success.
Oh, shame, oh shame, my Country! But let the
Past suffice; and, from experience, may
Your virtue draw wisdom for times to come.

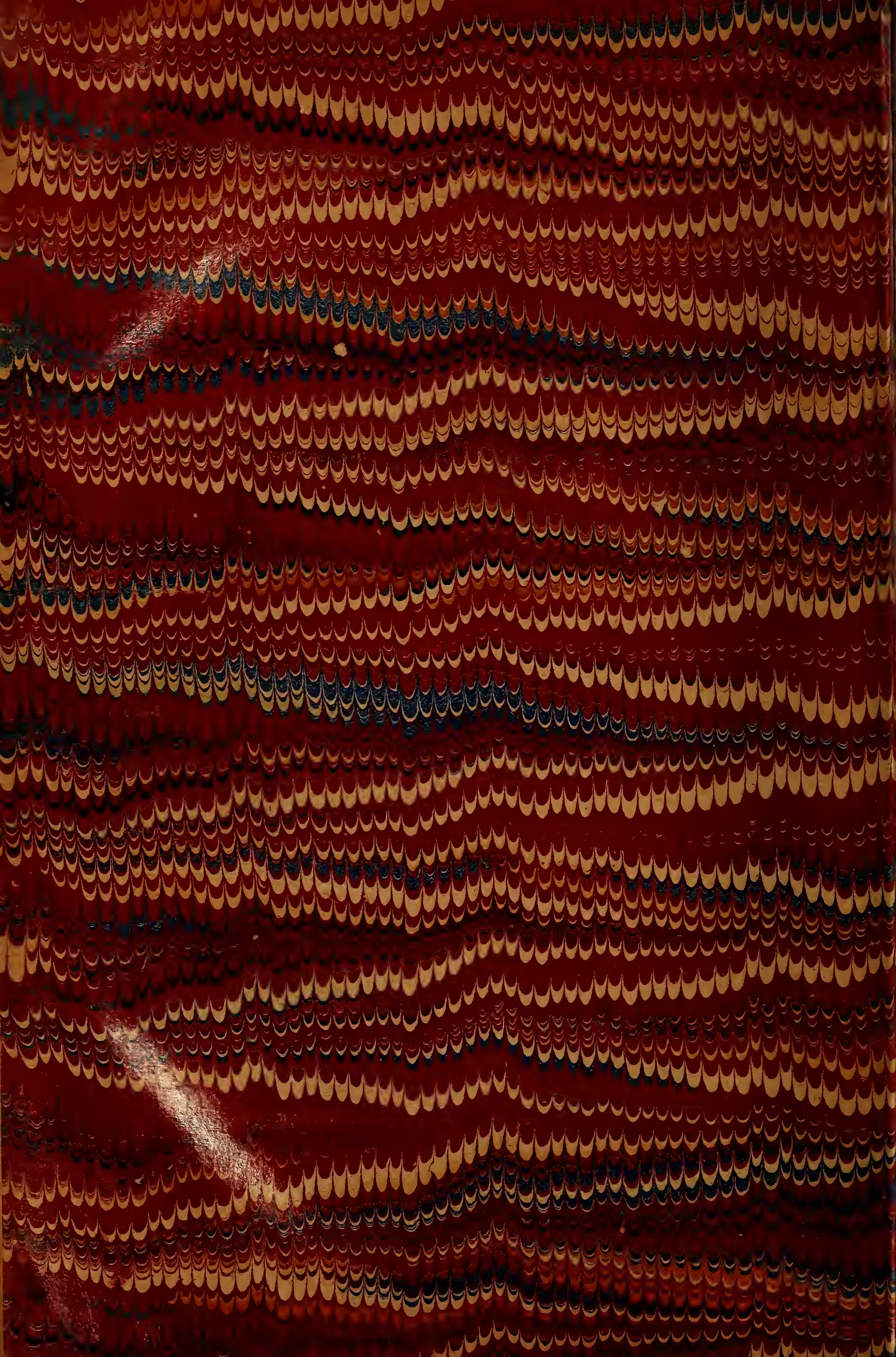
Differ you will in views, though honest all;
For 'tis ordain'd of *God*, that reason's growth
Should rest on reason's constant exercise
An endless unanimity would dull
The edge of life. 'Tis agitation, by
The winds of *Heaven*, that purifies the
Waters; and so of the State. Here questions,
High and various, make the people grow

In intellect. But let it be only
Gentle breezes, not the whirlwind's foaming
Lash, that speaks of wreck. Oh, let the oil of
CONSERVATION forever drop from off
The rugged shores of restive Liberty,
To calm the troubled waters! Here will be
Found, in blended blessing, the antidote
Of *Corruption*, and foil of *Anarchy*.

ADDITIONAL.

(In different measure.)

THEN, no Despair! Self-Government will rise,
As influence, happy, cometh from the Skies,
Until no form of Government shall stand,
But form close copied from this Chosen Land;
It is the noblest form—the only true,
Before fair Virtue's favorite abstract view;
But holy is the boon, and hard the task,
And hence such form so very rarely lasts;
A *personal* self-control it doth demand;
Virtue, and wisdom, and a gentle hand;
But more 'tis difficult, the glory more,
And richer laurels yet for man in store;
Hence, oh my Country, keep your example *high*,
That other Nations may your foot-steps try,
And bless the day, when they can say *they're* free,
And *know* how glorious 'tis to follow *Thee!*



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